

the highest snow mountains of
this region, we planned, if the day
were cloudy to go up to and upon ~~one~~
one or both of the glaciers, the
Ronegg and the Mortarash; but if
the sky allowed instead to climb the
Piz Languard, which rises oppo-
site to full 10,000 above sea (i.e.
nearly 5000 above the valley), and
get the view, not only of the Ber-
nina and its glaciers right before
us, but also the panorama of
snow-peaks all round, embracing
nearly all the high alps from the
Orler in the E. to Monte Rosa &
in the W. and a host of minor peaks.
We thought the weather promising,
so, with a guide to lead us we were
off soon after 6 o'clock, to give
the girls their first taste of alpine
work. A horse might have been
taken for more than half the ac-
tual distance, but on a path too
steep to make riding a pleasure; &
the girls scorned all such assis-
tance, - mounted bravely, and proved
themselves excellent mountaineers.

34 P.S.

(1)

I think I had better put in a
little supplement to Journal, - to give
some idea of the little excursion which
Lizzie P., Katherine & I made.
We wanted to have a glimpse of the
Engadine, the highest permanently
inhabited valley of Switzerland, and
in our way we had to cross through the
heart of the Grisons, a very charac-
teristic and unsophisticated part of Swit-
zerland, - a land all high mountains
and deep green valleys. No railway,
except up to Chur (French Corie)
the Capital of the Grisons proper,
a $\frac{3}{4}$ hour above Ragatz. Thither
we were obliged to go, at sunset, on
Sunday evening. So as to sleep there
& take the Diligence Monday morn-
ing at 5 o'clock. Which we did;
were put into a supplement of the
diligence, so that we had an open
carriage (capable of being closed tho')
almost to ourselves. Changed with
every change of horses, and were
about as comfortable as if we had
taken extra-post at Dublin the
expense.

We had a glorious ride, & the finest
day of the season so far, - a high
climb to the top of the mountains E.
of Corie. Thence a rapid descent down

into a deep valley where the Stalb-
stein Rhine and the Albulas unite,
then up the Oberhalbstein Rhine
to its source, and over the Julier
Pass - over 7000 feet, with grand
alpine scenery, and then rapidly
down about 1500 feet into the up-
per end of the Engadine valley,
closed just above by a wall of snow-
capped alps, snow-crowned mountains
all round, - below a fringe of spruce-
trees and of Pines Cembra - which
is almost peculiar to this region,
- and the bottom of the basin an emer-
ald-green valley, ~~scarcely~~ half
filled with the greenest grass, the rest
by little lakes with water quite as
green, - along them 3 or 4 little
villages of handsome white houses,
- wonderfully well built and cared
for when you think they are
among the highest in Switzerland.

Here rises the Inn, a large tribu-
tary of the Danube, which we had
crossed far below, at Innsbruck in
Austrian Tyrol. The 2^d village was
St Maurice (St. Moritz), where there
are mineral (chalybeate) springs,
long known, lauded by Paracelsus,

but have only of late attracted largely.
Now the main establishment at the
Baths or Springs themselves, has 350
beds, and every one engaged for the
season, and the village near by
with several hotels and lodging-houses
is thronged already; and new houses
are going up to hold the increasing
number of visitors. Because it was not
easy to get lodgings there, and also because
we wanted to be further on to see
advantageously the fine day we expected
on the morrow, we continued on
a few miles to Samaden, the capi-
tal of the Upper Engadine - a pretty
village, - which we reached at 7
P.M., and got comfortable quarters
at the principal inn, Hotel Ber-
nina, our windows looking directly
over upon the Bernina mts, seen
through a notch across the valley.
The next morning opened only too
brightly. We were up at 4, breakfasted,
and off in the diligence at 5 A.M.,
- 4 miles to Pontresina, a village
lying just between ^{and below} the feet of the
two glaciers which come down
this N. face of the Bernina group.

raining hard, and even snow-
ing. So we changed plan, waited
till 10 o'clock, & then took dili-
gence over the Albulia Pass -
even higher than the Julier, but
a shorter route. Rain changed to
snow on the way up, - stopped
and at length cleared up as we descend-
ed thro' first most desolate and
grand, then wild and picturesque
and most varied scenery, till at
Tief Kasten we joined the route -
we came over. - and so back to
Coire at 8 P.M. We had the dili-
gence nearly all to ourselves though, -
a very nice conductor, who
gave up his seat in the Cabriolet,
so that it was exclusively occu-
pied by the girls after it cleared
up, and so they had a fine view of
everything. Supped and slept at
Coire, rose to take 5 o'clock
train to Regatz, - waked up June
at 6 A.M. - completing our very
pleasant trip. Wish we could
have had 3 days more, so that we
could have gone half over the St. Bernard,
seen the Finsteraarhorn, & a little of
Tyrol. But I have a pretty fair idea
of the region.

(2)
Up we went, through woods of noble
trees of Larch & Pinus Cembra - about
the only ones which grow at that height,
soon above them into the woodless and
grassy alpine pastures, where our
fine views commenced - the whole
face of the Bernina group and the
whole length of the two noble
glaciers spread before us, - from the
broad expanse of snow above to the
stone-laden lower extremity, - the
medial and the lateral moraines
beautifully marked. - Up to where
the snow of winter was not melted
away except in the most exposed or
steepest parts, - where we looked down
into a lakelet all frozen over, -
where only higher alpine plants
grew. - but these in great variety,
- when the blue Soldanella was
found, and the white glacial But-
tercup grew in lovely tufts out
of the rock or steep gravelly declivi-
ties. - and I began to feel that
something more than muscular
strength was requisite for alpine
climbing; that held out almost
as well as 19 or even as 30 years
ago, - tho. the next day my muscles

were very stiff and sore. But the weak point, - the critical difference between the young man and the old, I found was in - wind. As we clambered up, the peak, through snow or over rock after about 800 feet, I found that I could not climb over 2 or 3 minutes without stopping almost as long to gasp and get my breath. Now I should have borne the last 4000 feet or so. I cannot tell. For the clouds began to thicken and settle, and it became evident that, while the near view would not be improved by further ascent the distant one was already lost. While we stopped to consider what to do, the question was settled by a flurrying snow-storm: - in which we took a lunch, a mouthful refreshment - of bread and red wine, - and then came down, a deal faster and easier than we went up. - The snow soon stopped, and bits of sunlight came out here and there, varying and beauti-

fying the views. - But before we reached the wooded base of the mountain, a shower of rain came up, and drove us into a herdingman's chalet for shelter, - of which the cows and hogs (the latter live on the whey from the cheese-making) had availed themselves before us, - leaving, however, the enclosed corner for human occupation, where we got seats, a fire to warm us, and fresh-made cheese to taste. The rain stopped, and we were down in time for the 10 o'clock dinner at the nice hotel. After which a rest, a short stroll, and a walk of 4 miles back to Samaden for the night. Here we planned a return of a day and a half to Coire by diligence down into the lower part of Engadine valley, a walk or diligence over the Fluela pass to Davos in the Grisons, and next morning to Langnau on the railway, not far above Coire. But when we rose at 4 A. M. it